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AN HOUR IN THE LIBRARY.

THE miser counts his gold, then sleeps and dreams of gold. The merchant, by tedious comparison of bills unpaid and paid, invoices and receipts, solves the perplexing problems of his counting house, or hurries through the jostling alternations of trade, and in his night-sleep, he sees the freighted vessel gliding toward the harbor, summons forth a glittering castle with the wand of speculation, or listens to the striking hammer of the auctioneer, for sleep does not always "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." As the traveller marks his daily journey in a foreign land, a thousand objects in the very strangeness of contrast, prate to him of his distant home, and in visions of the night, his lonely spirit, in truant flight, hastens to wander amid those hallowed scenes and feast upon their richly clustering associations, and returns to waken him with the whispered melody of "Home, sweet home." Even the school-boy, who spends the sunny hours of holy-day loitering along the brook to "wile the silvery prey," watches the image of the bobbing cork in his young dreams. So strangely does the night mock the day, so mysteriously are the scenes of wakeful life sketched upon the very pall of death-like sleep—the darkness of night.

In his lonely room, amid the scattered diagnostics of bachelor

life, and gloomily paled by the sepulchral light of a single lamp, a student sat still in his study-chair. Around him on every side, were books in wild confusion, standing on shelves, and lying on tables, placed and mis-placed, piled and scattered, large and small, some with the grey mould of idle years upon them, others new and brightly gilded, disordered in their mingling, and dim in the mistiness of night. He had been reading long and studiously of the mind and its mysteries, of the spirit and its destiny, of life and its complex web of interests relations, and duties, still widening from the filament of childish dependency until it is roughly crumpled within the iron grasp of death, and then expanding into the golden gossamer of immortality. With the vacant stare of subsiding enthusiasm, he sat musing upon what he had read, and while he mused the drowsiness of fatigue began to dim his sight; anon, each volume round him seemed to move and leap instinct with life, and by a miracle of metamorphosis, each moving volume seemed to change into a moving, murmuring miniature of man, and thus in dancing concert, they gathered closely around, and threw the veil of sleep upon him. Sleeping thus he dreamed this dream.

He was ushered unwittingly into the midst of a library, wonderful in its vastness and strange grandeur. With lingering gaze, he wondered at the massive volumes piled on volumes numberless, then paused to admire the magnificent structures towering to the very cope of heaven, and while he paused, the chillness of awe crept over him; but soon his trembling frame was still and statue-like in the sudden paralysis of amazement—before him streamed, in characters of flame, this written mystery,—thou art the student, thou the teacher, and thyself the text book. While yet his eyes were dazzled with the brilliancy of this flashing scene, and his brain was tortured with bewilderment, he listened and heard a voice exclaim—be not an idle, loitering gazer in the great *library of nature*, be humble, be diligent and I will cast my mantle over thee; wisdom has spoken. Obedient to the startling mandate, he bowed his head, and the first downward look of humility rested on a single volume, separate, conspicuous, and remarkable without, disfigured and mysterious

within, its pages three score and ten, its title—*Man*, a riddle-book; then rising with the search of diligence enjoined, he found upon a lofty shelf, half-hidden, half-displayed, another volume entitled—*Observation variously aided, a Key to the riddle-book*. He glanced upon the preface page and read this brief but comprehensive proem, “The proper study of mankind is man.” Suddenly his torturing wonder was changed to joyful apprehension; he solved, at once, that flaming mystery of the unseen writer, and that echoing mystery of the invisible speaker; he learned that the diligent study of himself, of man, was the first dictate of humility, and the first step toward the place where “Wisdom hath builded her house, and hewn out her seven pillars.” With the earnest zeal of curiosity, and the calm patience of docility, he sat down to compare the volume and its key, questions and answers, riddles and solutions, paradoxes and reconciling explanations part and counterpart; writing as he read, he left these scattered extracts:—

“Of all existences there is nothing like the human soul, yet is that soul like everything,—archetype, uncopied, mirror reflecting all things.”

God, the awful self-sustained and all sustaining One, how unlike the soul of man! He was the Alpha of existence, from eternity dwelling alone in the emptiness of infinite space; the human soul was the Omega of creation, the very last of all “the things that are made,” ushered into a world of life a universe of worlds. Almost six days had passed since the summoned light dispelled the darkness that was upon the face of the deep; the earth, the firmament, the starry worlds were made, and ordered nature filled the former void; the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and all the watery tribes were revelling in the new delights of life; even the mortal part of man was fashioned, lying there upon the cold breast of the virgin earth in all the symmetry and perfection of God’s fairest handiwork; but in all the works of nature there was no intelligence, no union of earthly and spiritual being. Then came the life of man, the breath of God, and “man became a living soul.” Creation had its lord, the living things of earth their ruler, the heavens their admirer, nature its student, God his worshipper, the work was

done, the First had made the last. God is changeless, for infinity can have no increment, no lessening; the soul lives only in growth, acts only in progress. How majestic is the rising of man! a child and his mother kisses him, a youth and his father chides him, a sage and the world reveres him, in Heaven a saint praising God. How like Him! made in his image, radiant with his glory, everlasting as himself. So are the angel spirits, but here ends their resemblance to the soul; they are unlike as the clover-blossom and the passion flower, glassy pebble and sparkling diamond, star and moon. Even the spiritless entities of creation have a dim likeness with the soul; from their low estate of subserviency they point upward to the same Deity, bearing his impress, the same seal of his mastery, the same outstanding character of his workmanship. Yet the particulars of their dissimilarity are countless and bewildering; comprehending all in one,—the soul was made for God, the worlds for the soul. Who can unwind the coiled helix of mystery that envelopes the union of immortality and clay?

“Nature ne’er meant her secrets should be found,  
And man’s a riddle that man can’t expound.”

The light shed down from the crescent of the waxing moon returns to exhibit, in faint outline, the dark portion of the self-same orb; the waning moon presents the converse of this phenomenon:—’tis so with the desires of man in youth and age.

The desires of youth, running onward, give their own coloring to the scenes of maturer life, darkling in the distance, and sadly deceptive; the longings of age, thrown hardly back by the disappointments of working-day life, hasten to depict anew the half-forgotten past, the gayeties and joyousness of childhood. The romping boy in the nursery rides upon his father’s cane, calls it a horse, and stops it with a “wo.” The urchins of the village school, equipped with sticks and ribands, arrange themselves in crooked ranks, then “soldier arms,” and tumble through their blundering mimicry of war. The town-boy swaggers through the street, winking over a huge cigar that fills his gaping mouth, and well-nigh hides his unwashed face, but makes a man of him. The young student, inflated with the breath of academical pride, sits down to write; he cannot endure the thought of being a

learner, he would be a teacher, a man, a philosopher, and though weighed down by the very rudiments of knowledge, boldly sets out to explore the labyrinth of metaphysical abstractions. The youth in a tedious course of preparation for systematic and effective exertions in the world of business, looks onward with restless eagerness, pants for the strife, and hardly brooks delay; the calm is oppressive and he longs to rush into the whirlwind for a wild-tossing. False hope of happiness! man proves it thus. Bowed with burdens, tortured with anxieties, disgusted with the fooleries, and cheated by the trickeries of the world, he exclaims "I wish I were a boy again." Once, as he sauntered along brushing the dew from the flowers of life's morning, he gazed with eager anticipations upon the prospect gilded with the noon splendor of manhood; now, unshielded from the scorching heat of that noon, choking with the dust that rises from the crowded thoroughfares of active life, and roughly jostled by a thousand passers, he sighs for the quietude he gladly left. The old man sits down to listen to the soliloquy of his musing spirit; regardless of the dim present, his thoughts hasten to retrace his winding way, his eyes brighten with the lustre of impulsive delight, and he exclaims

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view."

The world,—the outer world where mingling multitudes of men go to and fro, is an extended masquerade; moreover, upon the mask of each there is a folded veil so curiously affixed that when he essays to scrutinize his fellow the skillful spring-work drops it suddenly before his eyes.

Man never appears to the gazing public in his true character; he shrinks from their searching scrutiny as the wounded limb shrinks from the surgeon's probe. To be suspected is hard, but to be known is terrible. Therefore, when he leaves his seclusion, he changes the outside insignia of his character, as a morning gown is changed for a call-dress. He takes off his unseemly frown and lays it carefully aside, not forgetting that he will soon need to be himself again; with the ribands of careless gladness he ties a smile upon his countenance. How adroitly he arranges it! how neatly it fits him! habit has made him expert, use has given it a fitting form. Then he loosens his

brow to an easy smoothness, gathers a little more brightness into his languid eye, pales the blush of self-contempt upon his cheek, draws his pouting lip into the curve of pride, then hushes the tumult of his soul, darkens the chamber of his secret purposes, and sallies forth to practice fraud upon his brethren. To be known, inly known, is terrible. The ladies wear veils, mere face-veils, in their street-walking, (cause unknown.) Provoking veils, pestering annoyances, woven with the very thread of disappointment! how many a gallant has well nigh cursed them in their graceful fluttering. And yet they do not always play the mocker, intruding between curiosity and beauty; sometimes, not in the grave sobriety of matronhood, but in youthful thoughtlessness, a lady may forget that her beauty-screen is folded upon her hat; sometimes the breeze wafts it aside, or it seems to rise by accident, perhaps the unseen, trickish Cupid lifts it up; and sometimes the gentle recluse herself waves it aside to clasp a truant bracelet, or it may be, in compassion for the anxious-looking gentleman who saunters up the street, for "woman's pure bosom is the holy throne of sympathy." But neither men nor women ever lift, in public, the mask of their secret character. Every glance from the curious would fall upon the shrinking heart with the scorching, blasting power of a sirocco; every exposing ray would seem to burst upon it with the brightness of a blazing sun.

It is thus with man as a spectacle. As a judge of others, a searcher of character, he is not only the dupe of their deception but the victim of his own ignorance; not only are they masked, but he is veiled. Have ye never seen a blind man groping through the street, tormented by a troop of clamorous boys misleading him, playing tricks upon him, exulting in their mockery, and then dodging away from the slow search of his staff? such is man seeking for the hidden springs of individual character in the world's common intercourse; thus is he flouted, cheated, baffled. It is not the prerogative of human intelligence to discover the silent feelings and intentions of the heart. Suppose it were so, and then look upon the world your imagination has formed;—every bosom is transparent, and every man's spirit-

eye looks clearly in upon the still workings of his neighbor's soul, scanning his motives, beholding the tumult of his emotions, his rising hopes, and shrinking fears, and all his purposes; he discerns the most delicate vibrations of spiritual essence in every passing brother, and listens, now to the whispering melody of his affections and sympathies, now to the grating discord of his passions. Dreadful world! no secrecy, no individuality, no solitude, no safety. Who would not exclaim, for the two-fold dread of seeing and of being seen, Oh, for a hiding-place, a covering for my soul though it be a smothering case of adamant? But let us return to the world as it is. Although it is not the prerogative of human intelligence to discover the secrets of the heart, yet such is the constitution of our nature that character developes itself in conduct; and for all that man needs to know in executing the legitimate purposes of life, and in righteous defence of himself, we may judge of that which is invisible and mysterious, by this which is seen and mechanical, as by the gushing streamlet we judge of the rock-hid fountain. How then do multitudes acquire a reputation so unlike their character in nobility or baseness, in beauty or deformity? Why is merit so often disregarded, trampled, crushed, and demerit elevated, by the awards of popular favor and contempt, of popular benedictions and anathemas? Why do not the conventional decrees of society assign to every man his appropriate position? Because of rashness that judgeth hastily, jealousy that writhes under the shadow of a superior. weakness that crouches to power, avarice that clutches greedily the paltry bribe of wealth. Oh, the mysteries and miseries, the jockeying and jugglery of human society! Behold the cruelty and inconsistency that too often mark its judgments. In his secret chamber, languid, restless and dreadfully alone, sits a votary of sensual pleasure in his morning reverie; he thinks of the social world and laughs in scornful mockery, for he knows the power of outward beauty and the weakness of its admirers; that gloomy laugh dies away into the deep muttering of a curse, for he feels within his burning bosom the heart of a libertine. That heart, he feels, is scorched and cauterized with the heat of unhallowed passion,



blackened, blighted, cicatrized, and all incased by the fetid putrescence that oozes out from its festering core and coagulates around it; then he seems to feel the cold, slimy serpent of remorse dragging his slow coil around it, and then comes the venomous fang piercing to the very centre. Maddened by this inward anguish, and almost suffocated by the very silence around him, which seems to become more and more intensely silent while he listens, until his ears do tingle with their very straining for a sound, he rises up, decorates himself with the flummery of fashion, and hurries forth to find relief in the bustling world. What then? Strange answer of truth! the fashionable welcome him, the gay smile upon him, the formal flatter him, the lively and gossiping gather confidentially around him, and others pass him with a cordial greeting. Society cherishing in its bosom a man whose breath is pollution, whose touch leaves a stain. On the other hand, may an humble, indigent, magnanimous, philanthropic nobleman, vested in the dignity of upright manhood, is left to toil on in the hard vassalage of society, a persecuted Joseph among his brethren, an helot at a banquet, a panting galley-slave in a vessel ringing with the laughter and music of the gladsome and free.

One man, fond lover of justice, snatches the last tear-blistered dollar from the skeleton fingers of his widowed debtor, spurns from his door the begging Lazarus, drives the gleaner Ruth from his field, and then when the public gaze is on him, and the gossiping are in readiness, he gathers up his "mint and anise and cummin," and makes a large donation to some institution in which popular sympathy is deeply enlisted; news-mongers and journals hasten to proclaim the deed, and society echoes the praises of the great-souled philanthropist. Another, who toils, manfully and honestly for a maintenance, obeys the prompting of his generous nature, and, with that right hand of whose doing the left hand knoweth not, drops his ungrudged gift into the treasury of charity; the faint clinking of the hard-earned coin sounds the last, the only note of praise to his genuine benevolence; men curl the lip and mutter, mean.

Oft times, the boasting coward is decked with an hero's garland;



while the true hero, the David of virtue going forth to meet the Goliath of vice, the man who stands unmoved before the steady finger of scorn, that mightiest conqueror of proud man, he who lingers by the fountain of truth until "the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken," though a lava-torrent of malignity roll down upon him from the heaving volcano of error, this paragon of moral bravery is oft times branded with the double stigma of cowardice and fanaticism. These and similar absurdities of popularity spring from a widely prevalent disposition to rest satisfied with a superficial view of character, and to judge hastily of men by their outward appearance in the outer world.

A man looks into the placid lake and recognizes the faint image of himself; in such manner, the study of the natural history of lower animals is a mirror for the race.

There is a striking and humbling analogy between the different classes of mankind and many prominent species of the inferior animals. Abstracting yourself from the vulgar herd, and throwing off the oppressive grossness of the earthy, subside into an Emersonian scintillation of "the over-soul," and then rise, mingling with "the eternal symphony of the universe," to some transcendental observatory in the "white radiance" of the ethereal, and take a glimpse view of the "rest of mankind." You may behold them roaming to and fro, basking in the sun, strutting, crawling, fighting, crouching, springing upon their prey. You may hear them growling, roaring, hissing, screaming, snorting, crowing, braying, howling. But you may discover a more distinct resemblance by comparing class and species severally, each to each. Yonder go the votaries of fashion, an immense throng, bright creatures of fancy, now circling in the mazy dance, now floating gayly through the halls and corridors of palaces, now chasing in wild delight the gay visions of their own creations, and ever and anon, as they toss along upon life's restless bosom, joining the loud chorus of the jolly beggar, with a carelessness half real and half affected,

"What is wealth, or what is power,  
What is reputation's care,

So we lead a life of pleasure,  
No odds how or where."

These are the butterflies of earth.

See those busy crowds, toiling, panting, tugging, heaping dust, building store houses and barns and filling them with wealth, unresting; industrious, but grovelling, short-sighted beavers, carrying always with them, each in his own bosom, at home and abroad, a poisonous but fondly cherished root, "the root of all evil."

Others deck themselves in gaudy apparel, and strut majestically in all their goings,—vain peacocks. Some grasp with pitiless avidity, what others lose, rise to eminence by mounting upon the fallen or climbing the monuments of the dead, and enrich themselves by a quarrelsome wresting of the wealth which their fathers left; thus the vulture lives by feeding upon the weaker victim of his rapacity, and upon the uncovered carcass.

Some men are perpetually changing their expressions of sentiment, and exhibitions of character, adapting them with admirable skill to the character of their associations. They laugh when others smile and sob when others weep. If one affirms, they answer—certainly; if another says it is not true, they reply—by no means, so deeply are they imbued with the sweet spirit of concord; thus the chameleon changes its color with its varying position in the light.

There are others who resolutely oppose every one, in whatever direction he may come; so will every independent swine. Then there are snakes in the grass, singed cats, goats that employ no barber, and "dumb dogs that cannot bark."

Mankind! horrible visu! It were as easy to describe the

"Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey,"

the gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire, that haunted the excruciated spirit of Macbeth. Lunatics and lovers, madmen and poets; a most ridiculous assemblage of all that is wild, romantic, incongruous, fanciful, eccentric, transcendental, airy, moon-

struck, intangible, non-descript, superannuated, insignificant and sublime; all, too, playing

"Such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep."

Here the student rested from his writing. Suddenly, dense, heaving masses of mingled smoke and fire seemed to roll, surge after surge, along the vaulted ceiling; on every side, from every object, murmuring noises seemed to start, and rising upon the troubled air, they mingled slowly into a rumbling roar, then burst into a sudden crash that startled the dreamer from his sleep. He gazed wildly upon the familiar, unaltered chattels of his little home, and wondered at the visions of his sleeping hour; he listened to the dashing rain, the booming hurricane, the rattling thunder, and knew what had awakened him.

### LINES

*Suggested by the "Prophet of Evil."*\*

Oh no, it cannot be; the cloud that hangs  
All dark and lowering o'er our Christian land  
Will not in wrath and desolation burst,  
To sweep away with its tempestuous breath  
The glorious hopes of freemen. Even yet  
The anxious eye shall see its gloom depart.  
Its dense dark folds unroll—the gentle breeze  
Waft them away upon its sportive wings,  
And the glad sunlight, freely bursting through,  
Illumine hill and vale. The hand of Hope  
Shall build again its arch of many hues,  
And register upon the smiling sky  
A vow of changeless promise.

Years have passed  
Since to the winds of heaven our fathers gave  
The flag of plighted union. Often times  
The sky has darkened and the wild winds blown,  
But still its stars are beaming on, its folds  
Untorn, untarnished float as proudly yet.  
And can it be that now the hour has come  
To trail it in the dust? Is this the time

\* See March No. of "Magazine."

To strike it rashly down, and bid the world,  
So long in dark degrading slavery bowed,  
To fling away its bright but new-born hopes,  
And, with the dreary madness of despair,  
Cling to its galling chains ?

No! from the *past*

A voice of power—the voice of glorious deeds  
Wrought by our deathless sires in Freedom's cause,  
Comes with a stern and solemn interdict;  
And shall the mighty dead be heard in vain?  
The silent tombs in which their ashes lie;  
The fields of strife made sacred by their blood;  
Their names, their memories, their dearest hopes.  
The cloudless faith they clung to that their sons  
Would prize and cherish as a holy trust,  
The boon for which *they* freely hazarded  
*Life, fortune, sacred honor*, all do plead,  
With silent but resistless eloquence,  
Against the dark and treasonable thought  
Of fell *disunion*!

And are we all degenerate? Finds this voice  
No echo in our bosoms? Oh not so;  
A thousand bounding hearts responsive beat;  
And from a thousand free and happy homes  
That stud the hills and valleys of the North,  
Or deck the smiling South, or nestling lie  
Mid the green woodlands of the distant West,  
The anxious, fervent, constant prayer ascends,  
*God save the Union!*

Nor shall that prayer

Ascend to thee in vain, our father's God!  
For thou hast been "our buckler and our shield."  
Over the surging billows thou didst guide,  
Safely, our pilgrim fathers, gav'st them here  
A name and heritage. When ruthless power  
Leagued with oppression sought their peaceful homes,  
*Then* thou didst interpose—*then* thy right hand  
Drove back the insulting foe, in shame and dread,  
And wrought for us salvation; thou hast been  
E'er since, by day, our overshadowing *cloud*,  
Our *pillar'd fire* by night. And *now* to Thee  
Our waiting eyes are turned. Shed down thy light  
Upon our darkened councils; breathe the soul  
Of concord through our leaders; stay the hand  
Of rash fanaticism ere it touch  
The sacred ark of freedom; bind anew  
The holy cords of union; then indeed,  
Our glorious mission shall be well fulfilled,  
The world shall catch the brightness of our shrine.  
Dark despotism fly his tottering throne,  
And earth's down-trodden millions, disenthralled,  
Shall give the praise to *THEE*.

## BILLET-DOUX.

A few moments consideration of those sweet little missives with whose name we head our article, may not be uninteresting; knowing, as we do, what a large proportion of the readers of our magazine is composed of love-sick, sighing youths. Indeed, when we examine and revolve this thought in our mind, we are almost tempted to throw aside the gold pen, (it is no longer fashionable for *authors* to talk of quills), and give up in despair, for there are so many who no doubt having the article in question, and who, comparing our remarks with their models, examining wherein true, wherein false, will shower down upon us, in such quantity the hail of criticism that every *green* thing about our article will be cut to pieces and utterly destroyed. If we had taken up some subject savoring of the metaphysical "Transcendentalism," "The aesthetic theory of after death existence," or anything about which every body would have been as ignorant as ourselves, and concerning which "Freedom of Speech," in all its latitude, could have been introduced, we would have been (we say it with all diffidence), overwhelmed with praise. This metaphor would have been sublime, that comparison, although stolen, would have been "rich." The *hard-earned* laurels would have been wreathed around our brow, and who wrote it? would have been sounded in our ears at every corner. No one would have wanted so much in the aesthetical—which is a more refined term for the consequential—as to confess his ignorance of what we were writing; and we would have been blown heels over head out of the trumpet of Fame, at the risk of our valuable life. Perhaps after all we would only have been talking for "Buncombe," as those dignified legislators of ours say. At the hazard of losing all this we are only writing about Billet-Doux.

If we were to incorporate the whole mass of letters, from the fine portly old fellow endorsed in a bold, dignified hand, who is essentially of the genus letter, without any admixture or crossing with the pamphlet whom he so nearly resembles in size,

down to the lowest blotted sheet—into a sort of republic; those of which it is our province to treat, would have to be ranked as the dandy, pseudo-aristocratic class. They would occupy the position of those delicately perfumed “cretaws” of Chestnut or Broadway, against whom we are fearful of brushing, lest perchance, we may be taken for a barber for the next six months Billet-Doux, as a class, are essentially of this *soft* kind. They are the dandies of the republic of letters. Sense is entirely absent from them. They are the children, the offspring of love; and love needs sense no more than the angels need pork and cabbage.

Have you ever seen a modest looking note, folded in the most precise manner, the direction traced on the whitest paper, in the most delicate hand, and sealed with a beautiful little motto wafer?—a thousand to one it is a billet-doux. We could distinguish one, as unfailingly as a mineralogist can select a particular mineral from out a vast pile, for its characteristics are constant. And, alas! jealous anxious old papas are too often well skilled in detecting this ore, from which pure love is obtained.

Were we to attempt a classification of the different kinds of billet-doux, we would speak, first of those which are simply warm and affectionate; then of the rapturous, in which the eyes, the mouth of the fair one are addressed; in which no adjectives but superlatives are employed, and these in a superlative manner; and then again of the desperate, in which love and rage successively obtain the mastery. But space will not permit. Volumes could be written and yet the subject would be inexhausted. We will leave this path to be pursued by other writers. We wish to roam about over the fields at will, plucking only what in our estimation are the prettiest flowers.

And now as to the manner, the style that should direct us in the writing of these billet-doux. Blair, if we remember rightly, has given us no instructions on this subject; (by the way, was not Blair a sour, crabbed old bachelor?) more modern rhetoricians have also kept silent. The inference at once follows that as there is no standard, each one must be guided by his own judgment. For the benefit of those who are never known to

exercise that faculty of the mind, we give below a formula, which for conciseness and multiplicity in unity cannot be excelled. This being the first time it has ever appeared in print it is presumed that hereafter it will be placed in Parker's Aids to English Composition, and become generally diffused :

DEER SUZZEN

i intend enturin the farmin biznes in the spring and i expect too have a grate eel of work too doo and i want sumbody to help me. i will treet you as wel as—no eni uthur man dare too doo. yures and so fourth.

We suspect that when this formula is generally introduced, there will be fewer of those quarrels and separations in high life, of which we are continually hearing. No promises are made in it, that are not expected to be performed. And now, that the old method of spelling is to be cast to the four winds it is invaluable for its phonographic merit, if for nothing else. The student of phonography will find in it much to admire. Like some mathematical formula it may be more beautiful than useful, but *we* think it will stand every test.

In conclusion ; nothing but a sense of our duty to the world induced us to say what we have said. Morse, or whoever the discoverer may be, would have been guilty of wrong to the world had he not made public the magnetic telegraph ; and would we not have been doubly guilty had we kept secret the telegraph over whose golden wires hearts may commune with hearts ?

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SPLENDID TALENTS ALWAYS TO BE ADMIRERD.

A natural disrelish for reasoning concerning things in the abstract, is evidently the source of much error and confusion. It blinds the eyes of reason, annihilates the power of analysis, and offers in its stead the monster offspring of prejudice and superstition. Hence it is that vice is often confounded with



virtue, and hypocrisy the homage which it pays her, mistaken for true devotion.

The learned look upon this wild track of the uncultivated and misdirected mind, and immediately exert themselves to repel its evil tendency. But as in knowledge, there is power, so "in union there is strength." The masses are arrayed against the few. The panoply of the popular will is brought to contend against the armory of wisdom; and alas! too often proves the seeming victor, for establishing the cause of truth to the discomfiture of error.

Such is the fact, when the prejudices of the uneducated are excited against the man of splendid talents. They look upon him, and compass the whole man in one idea—he is either great, or infamous. There is no such thing as a combination of opposing qualities—no union of attributes that must not apply to his whole character. Each quality, each attribute, must undergo the same scrutinizing gaze, but none must be found wanting, or else he is irrevocably condemned. That this is unjust must be evident. But with all its injustice, and perversion of true moral principles, it is nothing but the rehearsal of what we daily see. Real greatness going down to the grave, with none even to garland the tomb-stone of the brow that should have been crowned; and none to pay honor to the ashes, the intellect of which should have been admired. And why, is this? Because, forsooth, they have not combined in them the qualities that make the great, the good. For this, is the reputation of the gifted mind taken, and blasted beneath the withering power of calumny or buried amidst the waves of oblivion. For this, is the world filled with demagogues, who would strive to pluck the flowers that strew the path of genius, and conceal the columns in the proud structure that it rears. And as though this were not enough; some in their audacity, would even attempt to stay the ark of the living God, by proclaiming that the admiration of the perverted mind, is but the admiration of the wicked, and profane. But, the truth is, moral principle, and intellectual endowments are not necessarily connected. Were they, often where now our admiration is instructive, then, our disapproba-

tion would be as genuine and more strongly demanded. But as it is, they are distinct; the one makes all peace, and quietness in soul; the other fires the man, and leads him on to deeds, great, and noble, of themselves. When they are both possessed by the same persons, we should thank our God that such are placed among mankind.

But to denounce the powers of the intellect, because they are not thus combined, and hence, not properly directed, would be as unreasonable as to decry the splendors of the Vatican, or the Prescottt-told beauties of the "Indian queen" of the Montezumas, enthroned upon the bosom of the deep, decked with her coronal of pearls, "her white towers, and pyramidal temples," because they were used to give an unwonted brilliancy to systems iniquitous, and vile, with which superstition had rendered them the unfortunate associates. They all have an intrinsic worth. In themselves, independent of their uses, there is a fountain from which flow the streams of admiration. For the finishing touches of the chisel are as praiseworthy, and appeal as strongly to our sense of beauty, upon the columns of an Inquisition, or the turrets of a heathen edifice, as though they were wrought upon the temples of a more holy religion. It detracts not from their beauty, that they have been used to perpetuate systems of iniquity, and adorn institutions worthy only of an infamous oblivion. It is only a perversion of their use by a power to which they are subject. Even so the powers of the mind, given to man by God, should not be condemned, because in the perverseness of his nature, he uses them for purposes vile, and degrading. We may pity, nay, even despise the man on account of his sordid passions; but we must admire his talents, notwithstanding it has been said, they are inseparable. For this is not true. The mind, the senses and the appetites, are not one and the same indivisible compound. The idea is absurd, and only worthy of consideration as a relic of the ancient systems of superstition. The intellect is the glory of man—the God-given power that raises him superior to all things else created. The senses, and the appetites, are the grosser parts of his nature. They keep him human, and continually war with no-

bler gifts of his Maker. True, the conflict would seem to be between the etherial, and the sensual, between a noble bird of heaven, which soars, and soars unconscious of fatigue, and reckless of danger, till it dies in the clouds; and those that feed upon the carcasses of earth. Yet the etherial, the winged spirit of heaven, transcendent as it may be, is sometimes conquered, and brought under their control. The sensual sways the intellectual—the animal the man.

This is no picture of the imagination. The intellects of our greatest men have shown us lamentable proofs of its reality. The master spirits of the age have made it but too evident to the world, that though mind may hold supremacy over matter, may bring the gigantic powers of other men to yield to its own, yet the passions, and sensual desires, will often prove its conqueror. But does this detract from its real greatness? No, it only bespeaks a relative weakness. Was not Caractacus great, even in his chains, and Regulus the same bold spirit in the hands of a conqueror. Was not the mind of Gibbon as great as though it had never been drawn within the enchanted circle of ancient superstition? Did not Byron sing his farewell song to the espoused of his youth, with as great power, as though his talents had never been the slave of passions base, and vile? If we confound not the relative positions of the captive—if we confound not the intellectual with the moral, but one answer can be given. But if the mind may be great, independent of principle, then splendid talents are always to be admired. For, to say, that superiority of intellect calls forth our admiration, is an axiom. It is a law of our nature. The savage with feelings mingled with admiration, and awe, acknowledges the genius of his chieftain. The sovereign, upon his throne, beholds with pleasure, and regards the united wisdom of his counsellors; whilst the whole world raises the choral notes of admiring praise, as the sun of genius bursts upon them with all its vivifying power. Such is the testimony of the past, even from the time when the historic harmonies of Greece first floated from the Aeolian lyres, and immortalized the name of Maeonides. And why look for a change, after the lapse of so many ages?

But this is no principle of superstition sanctioned alone by antiquity, or a reverence instilled within us from our youth. The superstition of our age would rather inspire feelings of awe, as we admired that which was associated with the profane; whilst the education of our childhood has no tendency of this nature, but to increase our love and admiration of the good. This, for many and weighty reasons, is as it should be. Yet, it conflicts not in the least with the theory already advanced. Because clouds conceal the effulgence of the sun from our view, is no reason why that planet ought not to be admired by those who know its intrinsic qualities. But talk to the untutored child of the brightness of the sun, and at the same time point to the lowering clouds by which it is hid; and by your teaching, the impression will be left that darkness is light, the gloom of the storm the brilliancy of noonday.

But if the universality and the origin of this admiration be such as has been described, and its perversion no real detraction from the merit of the abstract principle; why fear to praise it? Why speak in dark and mystic words, as the greatness of perverted minds is reflected by the mirror of history, and form their true image on the retina of the mind? Must truth be sacrificed at the shrine of popular prejudice? Must the meed due the noblest gift of God be withheld, because the world exert not their powers to analyze the principles of our nature? Assuredly not. Though it should seem like revelling amidst the blood of demons, truth should triumph over ignorance, error, and superstition. And if the mighty fabric of the mind should be laid low by the power of appetite, and passion, like Roman Marius in Carthage of old, we should sit among its ruins, and contemplate its former greatness. For even in its overthrow it commands our admiration. Like the once proud columns of the ancient citadel, it fills our minds with a reverence of the past, and imperceptibly forces us to admire the remains of the present. Some may look coldly upon this wild desolation, and speculate upon its causes. They may talk upon the influence of its admiration on mankind, and moralize about its deteriorating effects. They may say that it lies not in the province of truth, but

rather in the arid wastes of error. But what does all this signify? The triumph of the right, demands that that which is great, and great as the gift of God, should receive a reward worthy of itself, and worthy of its Giver. Hence it is but rational to conclude, that splendid talents are always to be admired.

VERITAS.

### DENMARK'S POET.

"O, GREAT was Denmark's land in time of old!  
Wide to the South her branch of glory spread;  
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,  
Eager to join the revels of the dead;  
Nor bore they only to the field of death  
The bossy buckler, and the spear of fire;  
The bard was there, with spirit stirring breath,  
His bold heart quivering as he swept the lyre.

And when the memorable day was past,  
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,  
The actions died not with the day they graced;  
The bard embalmed them in his descant wild.  
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ;  
He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,  
And hoary eld, ad woman's gentle cheer,  
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear."

OENLENSCHLAGER.

The teaching of a liberal and enlightened spirit would not confine an acquaintance with literature, within any particular geographical or political boundaries. Yet there is a special propriety in more familiar acquaintance with the writings of any nations which are linked to us by historic or lineal ties. That the religion, manners and character of such should be consulted conduces to the welfare of our own literature, and tends to preserve those characteristics, which, above all other circumstances, distinguish and immortalize ages and nations. If credence be given to the statements made in a number of works which have been published within the last twenty years, the early history of North America, and that of Denmark, are intimately united.

The most important of the works referred to, is the "*Antiquitates Americanae*," issued by the Royal Society at Copenhagen, and which professes to be compiled from their traditions, manuscripts, and Icelandic and Norwegian monuments, all tending to prove that the ancient Danes were wont, about the tenth century, to make frequent voyages to North America. Both the genuineness and authenticity of these authorities have been questioned. But an able article in the *New York Review* has satisfactorily examined, and replied to all the objections which have been brought against them.\* The most skeptical cannot deny that there have been numerous discoveries in the north-eastern part of this continent, which would independently favor the conclusion in a candid mind, of a settlement by Danes, and which appears inevitable when confirmed by the coincident researches of the learned in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Iceland. And whatever individual opinion may be formed from the mass of actual evidence adduced, all must admit the high degree of *probability* that the bold and adventurous navigators, who certainly did discover Greenland, *might* also have crossed to the opposite coast of North America. Upon the point of consanguinity between the Dane and a majority of our people, it will be needless to dwell, except to refer the reader to a late article of a contemporary, which lucidly though briefly exhibits the connexion between the Gothic and the Saxon.†

But there is a peculiar propriety in the study of the Danish literature of the past and present, by English Scholars, arising from the relations which have existed between their literature and our own from their earliest dates. We find the old Anglo-Saxon, divided by a trust worthy philologist,‡ into three dialects, the second of which he calls the Dano-Saxon, which he says, was used from the entrance of the Danes till the Norman invasion, being two hundred and seventy-four years, and more especially in the northern parts of England, and the south of Scot-

\* The statements do not affect the fame of Columbus, as some have supposed, for though he visited Denmark and Iceland in 1477, it is certain that he was not in formed of the facts referred to.

† *Princeton Magazine*, No. II.

‡ *Hickes' Thesaurus*.

land. We also find, that the oldest relic of the Anglo-Saxon literature, the epic poem, "Beowulf," which is aptly characterised as "like a piece of ancient armor, rusty and battered, yet strong," was in the Dano-Saxon dialect. In fine, there is a congeniality to the pure, healthy spirit pervading the Saxon, in the bold, manly, and rugged spirit of the old Danes. To use the words of Kemble, "these echoes, from the deserted temples of the past, if listened to in a sober and understanding spirit, bring with them matter both strengthening and purifying to the heart." Such, are some of the motives which should commend the cultivation of an acquaintance with the literature of Denmark, to the American scholar.

Still, there would be little reason to expect attention to a literature which presented no intrinsic attractions. Were the arguments which have been offered, urging an exploration of a noisome and disagreeable cavern, by the flickering and uncertain light of torches, curious and interesting as its structure, petrifications and stalactites might be represented, it would be natural to shrink from the attempt. But since they invite to researches among the grand and massive, though broken pillars of an ancient Scandinavian temple, around the ruins of which, cling the aged folds of ivy, and mistletoe; within whose sacred walls once worshipped the kinsmen of our forefathers; and above all, where a wild, Ossianic beauty and sublimity pours a rich and mellow radiance into its penetralia, amply repaying research by its exhilarating atmosphere, which transports the imagination to scenes enacted ten centuries ago, enthusiasm would seem reasonable. But we have dwelt sufficiently upon the general claims which Denmark presents for our recognition, since the chief design of this article is to more particularly notice but one of her many illustrious sons.

ADAM GOTTLÖB OEHLenschLAEGER, was not only the greatest of Denmark's poets, but in the sense in which Shakspeare has been appropriately called 'England's poet, may be designated, by way of deserved distinction, *the poet of Denmark*. The scenes in which his boyhood was passed, eminently fitted him to become an exponent of the wild, stirring



spirit of the Scandinavian mythology. We learn that while a boy he was accustomed "to wander at will through the lofty, magnificent, and solitary apartments of the royal castle at Fredericksborg, of which his father was governor, and to gaze on the portraits of kings and princes," and the influence of such associations upon a mind naturally poetic may readily be imagined. The spirit of the religion of his ancestors seems to have imbued and ennobled his style, whenever the divinities or the maxims of that religion were the subjects of his pen, and we might almost infer that his passionate and heroic bursts of feeling were instinctive rather than impulsive. But the genius which conceived and executed "*Correggio*," a Tragedy evincing the most exquisite dramatic skill, a refined taste and lofty imagination, proves a versatility which could not be checked nor subdued even by his intense patriotism, and enthusiastic love for the mysteries of Odim and Walhalla. The production of "*Correggio*," commenced a new era in dramatic literature, being the first of what are called the *Kunstler* or artist drama, celebrating great artists or poets.

Of this class are Goethe's *Tasso*; Schenck's *Albert Durer*, and others of less note. Italia has had no poet since the time of *Correggio*, who could have so truthfully embodied the universal conceptions of the character of the artist mind, as this son of the North has done, in his characters of Michael Angelo, Giulio Romano, and Antonio *Correggio*. We heartily commend the study of this drama to all lovers of poetic beauty.\* Another illustration of the versatility of our poet, may be found in his Oriental drama of "*Aladdin*." It is based upon "*Aladdin or the wonderful lamp*," a famous tale in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*, but under the magic of his enchantment is wrought anew into a more beautiful and romantic form. The chief characters are *Aladdin*, a youth, and his uncle *Nouredin*, and the scene is laid near *Ispahan*. Perhaps one of its most beautiful passages will not be too greatly marred by translation from the context, and it will certainly surpass any descriptive commendation.

\* It has been translated into English by a lady of Boston.

tion. Noureddin having directed Aladdin to bring some branches, says,

"Know then my son, if thou hast heart to venture  
Into this wondrous cave, I will straight proceed  
To bare its entrance to thine eyes."

After an expression of innocent wonder, Aladdin obeys. In his absence, the crafty Noureddin utters a soliloquy, which explains his previous solicitude for the company of the child, which he concludes with the following self-exculpatory sentence,

"Should he who searches nature's secrets, scruple  
To stick a pin into an insect!"

"Aladdin, (Entering with a bundle of twigs on his back.)

Uncle, while I broke the branches off, and laid them  
Upon my back, what thought occurred to me,  
But the old tale of Abraham and Isaac,  
How the poor boy upon his back was doom'd  
To bear the wood for his own sacrifice!  
But Allah sent from heaven a guardian angel  
To rescue him. O! Allah aids us all  
Then when our need is greatest. Is't not so?

Noureddin, (Confused.)

Unfathomable fate o'erruleth all,  
And yet, methinks poor Isaac must have been  
A little simple, that he did not see through  
His father's cunning plan. Had I been he!  
But this—too—is—perhaps, a mere invention."

But the whole drama sparkles with interwoven gems of the purest water, and glistens with jewels of such brilliancy that the poet must have leagued with Merlin, or stolen his wand. The reading of it leaves an impression upon the mind which can be faintly imaged by comparing it to the probable effect of viewing a robe woven from the glittering gossamer, transparent filaments of spun crystals, interlaced with threads of diamonds of dazzling splendor. It possesses that ethereal, fairy-like, and incomparable quality, examples of which may be found in the description of Queen Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*, in Rodman Drake's *Culprit Fay*, and in Wieland's *Oberon*. And the very simplicity or "*platitudo*" of its general style, brings into more bold relief its points of corruscating beauty. Still another evidence of the versatility of Denmark's poet, is afforded by the

success with which he essayed comedy. Without discussing the comparative merits of the *Twin Brothers of Ephesus*, by Plautus, *Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors*, and the *Three Brothers of Damascus*, by Oehlenschläger; all of which are founded upon the narrative of a play by Menander or Epicharmus, we may safely aver that in light, graceful and quiet humor, and in dexterity of managing an "almost intractable imbroglio," the latter is entitled to the palm. But we have as yet only pointed to the "dewdrops on the lion's mane."

We proceed to the consideration of some of his more original and immortal productions, his "*Helden gedichte*," "heroic poems," or "gests of heroes," as they have been variously styled. The first of these which we shall notice, is "*Hagbarth and Signa*," and though its plot is simple, its development is intensely and thrillingly interesting. Making no pretension to critical ability, we shall readily be excused for aiming no higher than occasional expressions of admiration for the beauties we would fain display to advantage. We may condense the narrative of this tragedy, in these few words, "*Signa*, a young Danish princess, falls in love with *Hagbarth*, a Norwegian prince, who has killed her brother in single combat."

In the first act, which commences with *Hagbarth's* arrival on the shore of Denmark, who comes avowedly to test the prowess of the Danish princes, in single combat, we have in a brief passage, the idea of the whole play, exquisitely typified:

"*Hagbarth*, (*enters smiling with a rose in his hand.*)

*Hamund.* *Hagbarth* thou bleed'st, stain not thy rich attire.

*Hagb.* Could I have thought that beauty thus could wound?  
That cunningly she looked from her green arbor,  
But to betray me? How is this flower nam'd?

*Ham.* A rose.

*Hagb.* We have none such at home in Norway.

In our iron clime, such tender growth  
Must perish.

*Ham.* Tender as it is, thou see'st  
It has the power to wound thee.

*Hagb.* By my sword.  
I love it all the better. Tell me whence  
The Danes obtained such flowers?

*Ham.* From southern shores far distant, here,  
In *Signa's* garden, stand the cherished plants.

*Hagb.* Ha, then I've unwittingly committed

A trespass on the virgin charms of Signa!  
For this I merited my punishment,  
And willingly must bleed.

*Ham.* But mark'st thou not the rich perfume?  
*Fresh as the lips of virgin beauty tinted,  
And in fragrance, sweet as the first kiss of true love."*

Alf, the Danish prince, with whom Hagbarth is to fight, bears a striking resemblance to Hamlet in his settled melancholy, which tinges all his expressions with a sombre hue, but is most apparent in his gloomy soliloquies. The rough Norwegian now meets Signa for the first time, and though a short time before, he says,

"Therefore, I love the mountains of our Norway,  
That boldly bare their bosoms to the waves,  
Girdle with lightnings fierce their mighty frames,  
And cool their brows in everlasting snow!"

he finds his heart though cased in steel to have had one vulnerable point, for now he says, taking the rose from his breast;

"Thou beauteous rose, indeed resemblest her!  
Thou hast foretold my death! Thou gavest to me,  
As she has done, sweet wounds. Yet to my heart  
Dear are these wounds; resistless are these tears.  
Am I enchanted? Now these verdant hills  
More than mine own wild mountains must I love!  
And since I met the blue gleam of her eyes,  
The rivulet is more dear than mighty floods."  
What have I rashly quaff'd?

Hagbarth and Alf now go to the contest, and *more majorum*, grasping each other's hand.

*"Hagb.* Without hatred, we shall contend!  
*Alf.* Like Odin's heroes."

Here ends the first act.

At the beginning of the second act, Signa attended by Rinda, is found watching the return of the vessel from the island on which the tournament has taken place. Hallagè, an ancient bard, soon enters and sings to his harp a description of the combat and its issue in the death of Alf. Bera, the queen and mother of Alf, having overheard the last words of the song, enters, pale, dishevelled, and in great agitation. Then follows a scene of fine dramatic effect between the bard and the frenzied mother. But the queen's rage is transported into fury, when she discovers Hagbarth and Signa, in confidential converse.

She expresses the bitterest indignation against Hagbarth, and grants him but one hour in which to leave Denmark. He departs, but secretly returns again, resolved either to obtain Signa, or at least an affectionate farewell. In the midst of their interview, clashing of arms is heard, and the queen rushing in, orders her attendants to seize prince Hagbarth, and sentences him to execution on the following day. At their final parting,

"*Signa.* Hear me, beloved! When from that elder tree  
Thy scarlet mantle waves, be *that* the signal;  
Then shall I quaff the friendly cup; then too  
Fierce flames will from my dwelling rise, and waft  
Two loving souls to Freya's halls immortal."

The fulfilment of their mutual promises, and the queen's threat, completes the catastrophe, giving a view of heroic constancy almost sublime, and completes a truthful picture of the chivalry of the ancient Danes. The tragedies of "*Palnatoke*," and "*Axel and Walburgh*," enjoy a merited reputation equal to the latter. But we ought not thus briefly to notice "*Hakon Jarl*," which belongs to the same class, and celebrates the downfall of the ancient Scandinavian paganism and mythology, and the introduction of Christianity. The cruelly ambitious character of Hakon Jarl, the usurper of the power of the absent and rightful ruler Olaf, is given in a single and felicitous stroke:

"*Hakon.* My friend, I now grow old, but therefore still  
Clearly my sun shall set. Woe to the cloud  
That strives to darken its last purple radiance."

The cloud however, appears, in the person of Olaf, who returned to his native shores with five ships, and is met by the Jarl's son with three. The result is given to Hakon by his,

"*Messenger.* He struck thy son upon the head  
So that his brains burst forth into the sea,  
But it vexed King Olaf when 't was proven,  
That he who had been killed, was not Jarl Hakon."

The main part of the Jarl's lamentation for his son, is touching and pathetic, but true to the spirit of the old Norse, swells into a vow of vengeance,

"*Hakon.* Mine enemy could find  
No other means to wound my heart so deeply,  
Erland thou hast not struck—he feels it not,  
And the sea-goddesses have now received him,

Have pressed him lovingly to their white bosoms,  
Rolled him in their blue mantles, and so borne him  
To Odin's realm. So let me swear  
By all the diamonds in the Eternal throne  
I live no more, but only for Walhalla."

Next comes the sacrifice to Odin of his little son Erling, which is a scene of surpassing sublimity. The same day comes the final struggle which is to decide his destiny, and he is defeated.

A chain of remarkable events rapidly hastens the utter ruin of the Jarl, who was the chief supporter of the old religion, and secures the establishment of Olaf as king, who had become a convert to Christianity in Ireland. This Tragedy is the masterpiece of a master, and is alone sufficient to entitle its author to be called Denmark's poet.

Oehlenschläger was unquestionably the first, and will be the longest remembered of Scandinavian writers. While he lived, he was beloved and venerated by his countrymen. But a few months since, his spirit passed away. The universal grief was marked by the imposing solemnities of his funeral; the closing of all the places of public amusement, for a week; and the vast procession of twenty thousand mourners, from every class of the community, from the Crown prince downwards, who waited on the remains of the poet to his grave.

Since the funeral of THORWALDSEN, their prince of European sculptors, so large an attendance has not been seen in Copenhagen. The streets were strewn with green boughs, and the houses shrouded in black trimmed with silver.

And if Denmark is blessed with a son upon whom has descended the mantle of the great Thorwaldsen, that sculptor could not dream of a more glorious immortality than to place upon the tomb of Denmark's greatest poet, an embodiment of his own expressive lines in Correggio's soliloquy:

"Then from the circle  
Stepped forth the inspiring Muse—a matchless form,  
Pure as the stainless morning dew,—and bright,  
Blooming, and cheerful, as the dew sprent rose.  
O! never on remembrance will it fade,  
How with her snow white hand, this lovely form,

A laurel wreath then placed upon my head !  
" *To immortality, I thus devote thee,*"  
Such were her words. Then suddenly I woke,  
It seems almost as if I felt the crown  
Still on my brows."

### THE COLLEGE SPLURGER.

" Let me see his eyes,  
That when I note another man like him  
I may avoid him : which of these is he ?"

ROLLING postward with a shambling gait and a rotary lounge, who can it be ? 'tis the College Splurger. Behold the man ; inspect thou his habiliments, he glittereth with the gold of Golconda as the shop of the tinker with the diversity of his wares, he shineth as to his extremities as the back of the mud turtle rejoicing upon a log resplendent in the light of the sun, he girdeth his loins with the cloth of the continent, and beautifieth his crown with the tile of Leary ; he is redolent of the perruquier, the perfumer, and the tailor, truly a climax of elegancies. By the combined and strenuous efforts of art and nature, he is what you observe, a moving pillar of magnificence amid out-at-the-heels humanity ; regardless of the past but as to his liabilities ; with no thought of the present but of his appearance, and reckless of everything in the future but the weather. As we gaze upon some noble structure and admire the beauty of its architecture, and the aptitude of its parts, we are led to inquire by whom so great a task was accomplished, whence arose so grand a design, and what may be the purpose of so remarkable an edifice ; so with the splurger ; when the beholder has recovered from the astonishment of the first view, and has had time to collect his thoughts which have been scattered by the brilliancy of the object, he naturally seeks to obtain some information as it regards the origin, nature, manners and occupation of this anomaly. It is a strange and melancholy fact, and it is my painful duty to record it, that that young man who now flourishes so extensively



in the sunlight of dry goods, was but lately a child of the forest and an untrammelled son of nature or (to Micawberize,) "in other words" he hails from the backwoods. But one short year ago, and he was the envy of his companions as a climber of "'simmon trees," and was wont to delight the heart of his aged parents as he returned heavily laden from the neighboring huckleberry ponds: and now, eheu! quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore! his nose turns up voluntarily at the mention of 'simmons, and huckleberries and herrings are alike objects of malediction and contempt. That eye that was wont to glisten at the sight of the "ground hackey," now brightens up only at the appearance of a frock; that foot that was wont to stir the tadpoles from the oozy bottom of the aforesaid ponds, now places itself upon the pavements of Princeton with a knowing tread which betrays the newly gained importance of its metamorphosed possessor. From the sombre caterpillar he has become the gaudy butterfly, and lays great importance upon the remarkable fact that he has burst the cocoon of his verdancy, when in truth it needs no microscopic eye to discern the emerald tint which still clings to his wings. As it regards his employment, he is as industrious as the bee; he apportioneth his time with all the method of Dr. Franklin. He devoteth one third of his time to making ready to splurge, the second to splurging, and the remainder to unsplurging. Yet should he remember that industry is not always a virtue, and that perseverance may be directed in the wrong channel; the "tumble bug" is an animal of strenuous personal industry, and deep-seated prudence, and yet from the peculiar nature of his profession he has never become, as the ant, a proverb of diligence and forethought. Still the young man does not give his sole attention to the superficies only, but he places his intellect under a course of self-instruction which it is at once interesting and instructive to behold. He strengthens his argumentative powers by an animated discussion with himself concerning the choice of his cravat; he extends his faculty of the ideal by supposing himself elegant, which is in itself a fearful stretch of the imagination; and he enlarges his powers of grasping a subject by taking a grand and comprehensive view of himself and his ap-

pointments. These are the chief of his occupations—he has others but they are mere caulks to fill up the chinks and interstices of his time. It may with truth be said that in his general deportment he resembles the Guinea pig, which is of no sort of use except to keep itself in a continual state of elaborate nicety. What he expects to employ himself upon after he has left this his abiding place, is a query which has puzzled the wisest heads, for as he does not know himself, it of course becomes the province of others to determine. By some it has been supposed that he will embrace the polishing of boots as a method of sustenance, for then he would be able to take the shine off the “common run,” which is the height of his ambition; by others, that he will turn his attention to the vocation of the baker, for it will then be in his power to take a loaf whenever he choose; but by all is it agreed that whatever his calling or his situation, still a tailor will be the friend of his bosom, and a dry goods store his earthly Elysium.

Thus have we taken a hasty glance at the high falutin of Nassau Hall. But we cannot end without a short word of warning to the unsophisticated “newy:” Perchance thou comest from the “huckleberry” bushes of Carrol county, or hailest from the swamps of the repudiator, and thinkest that thou art strong in thine integrity, and immoveable in thy predilections for homespun; but my son, avoid thou the splurger as thou wouldst the serpent, for while the honest purpose is still strong in thy mind, and the warning voice of thy daddy still sounds in thine ear, thou wilt be drawn away by the fascinations of the tempter, and be engulfed in a vortex of tailors’ bills, and the only remembrance of thee will be that epitaph which is engraved upon the tombstone of thy predecessors,

“Hic jacet vestimentum.”

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#### SCENES AMONG THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

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Sabbath came; and Memnon’s statue of old never greeted the

sunrise with sweeter music than the thanksgiving hymn that burst forth that morning, as the first ray of sunlight glanced over the sea. There they stood, matron and maiden, father and son, age and infancy; but no tongue was mute, for no heart was thankless. They looked down on the breezy ocean, and their own little bark was heaving on its waves; they looked to the ground on which their feet were standing, and felt it was their own toil-wrought inheritance; they looked to the heaven, and saw a nobler arch than the domes of their fatherland, a nobler temple than her cathedrals, for it was the throne of God. That band was the Pilgrim Fathers, that bark the shattered Mayflower, that ground the rock of Plymouth, that heaven the exile's home, that God the wanderer's guide.

All were there save one; and he, lying beneath the ceiling of a rugged cave, as he caught the early gleam softening the stern features of his rocky habitation, lifted his sunken but undimmed eye to heaven, and the recesses rung with his shout: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come; the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; verily thy walls shall be called salvation and thy gates praise. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." His eyelids quivered like a breeze-shaken leaf, and a swoon, the image of the body's death without the freedom of the soul, swept like a pale, unwavering mantle between him and earthly things. There he lay, alone and unattended, when, as it seemed, Death was near enough to set his seal upon the clay. But he died not yet.

Who, whence, what he was, none could tell. Those who knew him best, knew only the impenetrableness of the mystery that hung around him, and his past was to them, as to all, an unopened volume. He had come among them as they were preparing to sail, accompanied only by one fair girl, just bursting into the full bloom of youthful beauty. Stern and almost bitter as were his usual accents, the word "Daughter" never fell but softly from his lips. And when they would have refused a passage to the father's almost imperious demands, those unrelenting, self-denying elders who would have deemed it sin to court a woman's smile, and worse than shame to yield to a woman's tear, felt

that to reject the lovely daughter was to throw away a mercy of heaven and to drive a guardian angel from their path. Alone, amid the congregation that wept to leave their native land, their friends with whom "they had taken sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company," that old man stood unmoved; alone, when the waters uttered their voices and the waves stretched out their white waving arms to crush the tossing vessel, when "men's hearts were failing them for fear," that old man stood erect, whether in the confidence of faith or the courage of recklessness, none knew; alone, when their feeble company set foot on the inhospitable shore, no tear glistened in his eye, but an unearthly joy lit his features as he gazed upon the snow covered forest, and he trod the barren rock with a haughty step and a welcome smile, as if it were another Canaan, flowing with milk and honey; and now again alone he lay in the arms of Death's younger brother, Trance.

And where was that daughter's hand, which should have smoothed his pillow and soothed his pain? A superstition had gathered the lonely band to watch the sunrise of the first Sabbath, therefrom to know the destiny of their own new-planted colony. Had the day dawned amid clouds and gathering storms, no such hymns of rejoicing would have echoed from the wintry hills, but now, every omen was propitious, not a speck of vapor obscured the dazzling orb, and it sailed up into the heaven kindling with every ray a gleam of hope in the wanderers' breasts. There was that daughter. Earnestly she had besought him that she might not leave him; earnestly she pleaded that it was better to bend on an errand of mercy over a dying parent, than to raise the sacrifice of the lips to the Almighty; but he heeded her not. "The day hath broken, and the shadows flown away," he said, in language enriched by the oriental imagery of scripture, as was the custom among the Covenanters of Scotland and the Puritans of her sister kingdom, "go forth then, look from the top of Hermon, from the top of Shenir, from the mountains of the leopards; be thou as the standard of the camp of Judah, looking towards the east, the sun-rising, to see whether the Lord hath verily appointed unto his people

beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. This is the day our Maker hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." And ere he had finished, with one kiss upon his pale forehead she had gone forth to do his bidding. She joined in the hymn, leaning upon the shoulder of her lover. Yes, there were lovers even among the stern, grim, persecuted Puritans; not mewling, whining, sentimental lovers, as now, who, women themselves, presume to claim the affection which is the meed of manliness, but lovers who were men, who had proved themselves worthy of the gift they sought, in battle and in storm; who had faced unflinchingly all the terrors of war and tempest, whom denial only incited again to noble and heroic action, each of whom longed for death, if he longed for it at all, not in disgraceful suicide, nor pining away in luxurious despair, because a fair one was unkind, but where honor mingled in the fray, and the promise was whispered in his ear, that if he fell she would hear thereof, and confess him worthy of her tears, if not of her hand. Together the two stood in rejoicing and bent in reverence; and when they parted one mutual glance of their love-lighted eyes, like Ariadne's silken clue, guided each through the mazes of the other's heart and like a beam of softened sunshine lit up each recess, showing their names written side by side upon its walls.

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Winter past, the spring, and summer was slowly settling into the sere and yellow leaf, as another Sabbath dawned upon the infant state. None of their number hath died, and under the auspices of Heaven, administered by a worthy parson, who styled himself "a pelican in the wilderness," the colony went on, in his words, "beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners". A neat sanctuary had been erected close by the shore, beneath the shadow of the cool still pines, humble in appearance, but honored by the visitings of the King of Kings.

It was a day beautiful as only a Sabbath is: here and there a heaped-up windcloud shaped imaginary castles and battlements in the clear, open sky, or the crowded flakes of dim vapor clustered

together, like choirs of angels with their wings, convoys of the day of rest to mortals. The hour of morning service drew near, and the groups around the little building thickened: here they gathered to talk of England's majestic fanes and persecuting prelates, and blessed God that now they might sing a song of Zion, though in a foreign land: here they spoke of future days and filled each other with buoyant hopes, and one company of grey-haired veterans, with lifted eyes, looked from New England's hills to the heavenly, and rested, with the anticipation of faith, in the quiet of the skies, in the Sabbath of their God. The hour of service arrived, the prayer was offered, the word was read, and the last notes of the psalm, "How amiable are thy tabernacles," was dying away; as a light step along the aisle broke the reverential silence that preceded the first words of the man of God, and an old man firmly yet gently trod the floor till he reached the place where were seated side by side, the young lovers. The maiden sad with uncovered brow in the pleasant breeze from the open window, and with features rendered fairer than ever by the presence of the spirit of religion, lightened by the pure flame of her devotion, looked towards the sacred desk with earnest expectation: the young man's eye was on the being by his side, as the father leaned above them both, saying in a voice solemn as if from the grave, "The hour is coming and now is." Together they arose before him. That morning he had seemed unusually strong, and it was considered safe to leave him without an attendant. But in the loneliness of his deserted dwelling he felt the chill shadow of coming death, and strength was given him to wander forth to bequeath to his innocent child the orphan's richest inheritance, a father's dying blessing. He began: "We are like the grass that is cut down and withereth away: the returning flush upon my cheek was but the hectic beauty upon the leaf, betokening its fall. The mists of the dim valley are thick'ning around me: yet would I like David of old, before I go the way of all the earth, give thee my daughter, my last charge and parting blessing.

Thou hast been a dutiful and faithful child, and beside the rod and staff of a heavenly father, I have had no consolation

but in thee. And when thou art left alone and thy hour of trial is come, that rod and that staff shall comfort thee, and my benison shall return upon thee, although after many days. And to thee, my son, as thou art henceforth, do I give my only wealth. Take her, and what heaven joins, let not earth put asunder. And now farewell, my children, farewell, my brethren and sisters in the Lord, farewell, mortality: welcome, life. He fell, the silver cord was snapped and the freed spirit ascended to him who gave it.

His only memorial was the sentence in a letter of the old divine: "The stranger of whose singularities I told you before is dead, leaving an only daughter."

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## EDITORS' TABLE.

THE history of tables would load many a table with histories. Shall we write it? Gratifying, delightful, transporting as it would be to the Editor to compile the chronicles of this subject, and elucidate the philosophy of history in this connexion, instructive, profitable, invaluable, and enrapturing as the work would be, *of course*, to the reader, yet we are compelled by a want of time and space to abandon the project universally and forever, notwithstanding our reluctance, and moreover, we tremble, grow pale, and swoon away at the thought of undertaking such a laborious, health-ruining, and heart-sickening task, nor is it supposable that the reader would read it, nor, if he did, would he ever recover speedily from the enervating and pestiferous effects of it. We stop not to prove or disprove that Adam and Eve had a table among their goods and chattels, we run along the successive centurial lines of ancient tables plucking not a grape, touching not an anchovy, seizing not a turbot, draining not a goblet, pausing only to announce that in Rome there were "twelve tables;" we stumble through the gloomy kitchen of the mediaeval period, glancing only at the mystic "round table" of Arthur and its cycle of illustrious knights, and hasten back to these old halls where the semi-cycles of so many *nights* have been wasted at the *round table*. "In these present times," there are various kinds—table rocks, and rock tables, and even *rocking* tables have been seen, but the most attractive, the most important, the most memorable of all is the neat little one at which the venerable President of the College of New Jersey, amid the pomp and pageantry of commencement, confers the coveted degree of A. B., which, in this connexion, can readily be understood



to signify—after breakfast. With this view of the subject, let those early risers, in the *first* (!) two classes, who complain so bitterly of “morning recitations,” banish that petty grief, and contemplate with tears, “copious gushing tears,” those three or four years of “loafing,” “fishing,” “licking,” and “cramming” which must elapse before they will have finished their literary breakfast. We mentioned the subject of degrees,—a single additional thought in reference to it is suggested; how little worth is a thermometer on which the same constant degree is indicated in all variations of temperature! we gently intimate that it might be said, with *east* propriety, that there is a similar instrument used somewhere in the system of conferring literary degrees. One man burrows darkly through College, as a mole winds its subterranean way through a corn-field, and at the end he thrusts up his head and steps forth into the world of life, all ridiculous in the impulsive shrinking of fright and ignorance; the literary thermometer is applied to his head, and the mercury rises to A. B. Another goes through College with a full view of the responsibilities of life, and, by making noble attainments, prepares to meet them manfully and successfully; at the close of his course the same thermometer is applied, and the immovable column stands still at A. B. There are some absurdities which appear indispensable.

But we sink back into the all-absorbing subject of tables. The next in importance, because of their intimate relation to physical and mental subsistence, are breakfast tables, dinner tables, and supper tables, logarithmic tables, Editor's tables, and empty tables, the last two being frequently identical. At this crisis, the propriety of coupling the words which constitute the title of this article flashes upon us, with the effulgence of a lucifer match, when we recollect that editor is derived from *edo*—*to eat*, (we omit the cognate idea of crumbs that fall, &c.,) just as the Latin *mulier* means woman, because woman, in English, is *mulier*; but these little matters belong rather to the philologist than to the Editor.

By way of episode, we insert a short piece of poetry contributed by a *young* gentleman, and addressed to a *young* lady who resides in a town noted for its literary institutions, and salubriously situated ten miles *this* side of Trenton. We suppress the names for the sake of peace between the parties; war is a dreadful evil.

“ Were mine the storied wealth of Ind,  
 Could I command the obedient wind  
 To gather, in one splendid pile,  
 The gems of continent and isle,  
 Could I, with Fairy's magic wand,  
 Make dazzling gold of shifting sand,  
 Change dew drops in their flowery bed  
 To glittering diamonds round my head,  
 Make ugly women pretty girls,  
 E'en turn the very stones to pearls,  
 And build on every towering hill,  
 A pearly castle at my will,

Were yonder sun a golden mass,  
 And every star a bright topaz,  
 Then could I shake each from its sphere,  
 I'd give my *all* to keep thee near—thy ma, for thou dost run

about too much.

By a very natural transition we pass to some other subject. Since the issue of our last number, the publication of a new monthly has commenced "in this seat of learning and letters." It is entitled "The Princeton Magazine," and is quite a jolly little affair. The exterior is really respectable, and the type is very fair and legible. It may be noticed that there is a surprising resemblance, in several particulars, between this magazine and Blackwood's; the color of the cover is very nearly the same, differing only by a slight tint, and in the table of contents the same admirable system is preserved, the title of each article being recorded directly opposite to the precise number of the page upon which it commences. With *these exceptions*, nothing remarkable appears in this "literary venture" at first view. By reading it *near the fire*, however, we discovered in *various* parts of it, printed with sympathetic ink, this expressive motto,—You lift me up and then I'll pull you up. Accordingly, at the close of the first number there is a commendatory notice of the little book entitled "Caprices," and in the second number there is a poetical contribution "from the author of Caprices." It may be that this is *accidental*, just as large rivers generally flow by large towns. The volume above mentioned has been well termed "a tantalizing little volume," for who can imagine anything so nearly similar to the punishment of Tantalus as to search through a book, page after page, for sense, and find nothing but rhyme. "Honour to whom honour is due;" the blank verse (of which there are but three articles) is highly creditable, and worthy of much better company. A few of the other pieces, also, are like diamonds in the sand, but it seems unfortunate for some men that there are not more synonyms in the English language, *e. g.*, rhyme and poetry, mysticalness and simplicity, sense and non-sense. Here is the first stanza—

"Let the fitful dream go by,  
 Gather up thy drapery,  
 Bow the head and close the eye;  
 Life is earnest."

This is a paradigm of that rare figure of rhetoric called contradiction. In the same piece occurs the following:

"Spectre ships are driving past,  
 Canvass flapping on the mast,  
 Needle set, nor anchor cast;  
 Life is earnest."

This is an admirable example of the figure called elucidation. The ships, you observe, are driving past, but *not* with the anchor cast, as might be supposed. The following belongs to the same class, and contains a startling truth expressed with great solemnity:—

Think what a helpless clog  
 These limbs of thine would be,

If motion never stirred  
Their passive lethargy."

On the thirty-fifth page we find the following;—

"I stir the pulses of the mind,  
And with my passive cheek inclined,  
I lay my ear along the wind."

We can easily conceive how Daniel, that ancient Grahamite who "refused to eat the King's meat," managed to stir his "*pulse*" with some kind of culinary ladle, but the author has given us no description, (not even in a note) of the process by which he "*stirs*" the pulses of the mind.

The word "along" in the last line primarily implies considerable extension in the thing laid. The next stanza upon the subject of "wind" is this :—

"It fans my face, it fans the tree,  
It goes away and comes to me,  
I feel it, but I cannot see."

Homer and Milton were blind also. Hoping that this author's ophthalmy was not irremediable, we were about to recommend the use of periscopic glasses, but when we came to the following lines, hope vanished; the subject is "my bed," and the author is upon it, i. e., upon his bed :

"Alone? the casement, opening by,  
 Lets in the cold suggestive sky,  
 And airs that fan my face and die.  
 And as my *straining* eye soars out," &c.

Here is evidently a typographical error; it should be, sores out. It is doubtful whether the whole history of medical practice furnishes another instance in which eyes, from mere "straining," have *sored* entirely out.

The second stanza on the one hundred and thirty-second page is, perhaps, the best of all. For the benefit of those who have not ready access to the "tantalizing little volume," we quote it verbatim et literatim:

66	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•	•

The book is anonymous, and we have "drawn a bow at a venture;" if any *Princetonian* should be smitten "between the joints of the harness," let him blame himself.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"B." Certain passages in your "song" are truly poetical, but some defects in it do "quarrel with the noblest grace it owes and put it to the foil." It is somewhat deficient in rhetorical accuracy.

"MR. EDITOR: I send you the enclosed article for publication in the "Magazine;" I make no explanations, it speaks for itself.

MARVIN:

**True, Marvin, it does speak for itself, but only with the inarticulate prattle**

of a tender babe. We will keep it, Marvin, and nurse it, and see if it will not get older.

The student who requested us to advertise the loss of his "February shirt" should remember that this is a literary magazine. Put not on sackcloth for the lost; but keep thy coat buttoned up closely over thy March No., until the lost one be found. Some of thy fellow students are sadly imprudent, neglecting to conceal their unwashed garments.

TO THOSE WHO OUGHT TO BE CORRESPONDENTS. How "charming grand," extatic, beautiful, glorious, transcendent would be our Magazine, if the Editors would abandon their presumptuous works of supererogation, and rest in the satisfaction of publishing only what is *voluntarily* contributed. These pages, now blotted, marred with the unseemly impress of blackened lead, would be pure, unsullied, immaculate. Delicate ladies would turn the fair, white leaves admiringly, and they who deplore the inky stains and impurity of modern literature would hail, with rapturous delight, the advent of this *untarnished* periodical. But Editors are too officious to afford any hope for such an era. With countenances long and gloomy, and tearful eyes that tell of smothering sadness, they wander from room to room, bowing the knee and imploring for *articles*, with tales of woe that would "wring tears from marble eyes." Oftentimes they may be seen lingering before the unyielding door, like Mordecai at the King's gate, sighing and waiting for audience, unknowing of weariness or despair. If they would confine themselves to their specific duties, as we first suggested, what relief would be afforded to you, what a lifting up of the burdened heart, O ye, who have not time to write. There must be many such in college. Men of the world have more leisure for such amusements. Who does not know at least one who proves it thus? let's draw his likeness, it's very *short*. Besides the performance of his arduous professional duties, he trails out from his ready pen, essay after essay, treatise after treatise, letter after letter, for the journals of city and town, for weeklies and dailies, informing the world what he himself has seen and heard, and skillfully performed in this and *other lands*; as if to silence the annoying protests of excessive modesty, he employs, for different periodicals, *two* different signatures only *one* of which is composed of the initials of his name. Have ye ever known any such? any whose propensity to intermeddle is like the letter T, always out of place, but exhibited in all times and *doubtly* displayed in the midst of every public matter! any whose vanity is like the letter L, the first thing that appears in all his language? any whose modesty is like the letter C, almost 0.

Do not imitate the babbling scribbler, but, remember the claims of 'the monthly,' and forget not your interest in the reputation of Nassau Hall, (P. O. open every day, Sundays excepted.)

TO THOSE WHO OUGHT NOT TO BE CORRESPONDENTS. (There are none who ought not to be correspondents.)

EXCHANGES.—We acknowledge the receipt of the "Jefferson Monument Magazine," for March, 1850, and the April No., of the "Yale Literary."